

## In The Woods by punkpascal

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**Summary:**

A foolish argument between you and Hopper leads to you storming out into the woods. Your rash decision gets you lost, waiting for Jim to come get you. What happens when he gets you back home?

## In The Woods

### Author's Note:

This is my first Hopper fic, so I apologize for any wrongs. I love feedback, so don't be afraid to tell me if you do or don't like it. Thank you for reading!

It had been a stupid fight, completely nonsensical and ridiculous. Who knew that deciding what you were going to eat for dinner could cause such an outburst from both of you. It was what should have been an easy decision between chicken and mashed potatoes, or roast beef and mashed potatoes. But apparently both you and Jim had had an extremely long day at work, and El wasn't in a particularly cheery mood when you arrived home from work at your cabin for your Saturday night dinner ritual. That was about an hour ago, and all that anger combined led you here, lost in the damn woods.

You knew Jim would come looking for you soon, if he wasn't already, but you had no idea where you were. You've lived in Hawkins all your life, but never spent enough time in the woods to get familiar with them.

Wandering through the trees was growing a bit tiring, and you were getting anxious and a little cold as the evening slowly began to creep in with the frigid night air on its wings. Eventually, you decided it was best to just stay in one spot and wait for help, especially since you couldn't say where in the hell you were. So you sat. Waiting for what seemed like hours as you called out Jim's name, your voice growing hoarse.

Pulling your jacket tighter around you, you began to accept that you would be spending the night out in the cold woods. Until you hear a faint shout of what sounded like your name. Hope blossomed through you as you forced your cold limbs to move. Your voice had grown weak from yelling but you forced it to work at least once.

"I'm here!" You shouted, waving your arms above your head and trying to walk towards where the sound came from.

The voice sounded again, and you'd know that voice anywhere. Your dear, sweet Hop had come looking after you.

"Y/N! Yell again, sweetheart!" Jim yelled, getting closer to where he thought he had heard your voice.

"Here! I'm over here!" You screamed back, moving towards the sound as your teeth chattered.

Finally, that beloved hat came into view and it's like you had seen the sun for the first time. You'd never been so happy to see an article of clothing. The rest of Jim followed and he saw you, quickly rushing towards you.

He had a blanket in his hands that he immediately wrapped around you before pulling you to against him. "I was so worried. We were searching everywhere for you."

You shivered against his chest, "I'm so sorry Jim, I shouldn't have come out here. I shouldn't have stormed out of the house anyways, the whole thing was so stupid."

He pulled you in tighter, which you didn't know was even possible, and started leading you back the direction he came. "Y/N, you have nothing to apologize for. I was in a shitty mood, and I should've left it at work. But let's not talk about it now, let's get you home and warmed up, how does that sound?"

"Amazing." You laughed out, following him to his car.

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Warmth. The first thought and feeling to go through you the moment you stepped back into the little cabin you lived in with Hopper and El. It was the best feeling ever, and you were so glad to be back home.

Hopper was frantically trying to find things to make you warm up since you walked in, with a blanket already covering your shoulders.

"Let me get a hot bath going and you just sit on the couch for a minute, okay? I'll get a change of clothes for you too." Hopper spoke

between breaths, all the while still running around the house.

“Thank you Jim, really. You don’t gotta rush. I’ll be okay.”

“I just wanna make sure you’re warm and okay. Just, give me a second.”

So you waited. About 10 minutes later, the bath was ready and the clothes were laid out. Hop insisted on helping you to the bathroom and making sure you got in alright. As if being outside for a tad too long had made you unable to do things you always do. But you knew better than to push the man tonight.

He helped you shed your clothes, putting them in the laundry hamper for you, and helped you settle into the bath. He was about to step out, when your quiet voice stopped him.

“I’m sorry.” You practically whispered, admitting your mistakes wasn’t the easiest thing.

He turned around, “What did you say?”

You looked down into the water, not wanting to meet his gaze. “I said, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have made such a big deal about dinner, you wouldn’t have had to go on a man hunt because of my rash decisions.”

Hopper almost seemed frozen for a moment before he walked slowly towards the bath and sat on the closed toilet next to the tub. He grabbed one of your hands in his, rubbing your palm absentmindedly when he spoke. “Listen Y/N. You don’t have a damn thing to be sorry for. You were the one making dinner, and I should’ve just been happy with what you had decided to make. I pushed you to leave. I’m sorry for being an ass.”

“Hop, honestly. I made the argument worse. But I don’t want to make this into another dumb fight so let’s just both claim fault, okay? I’ve had enough tonight.” You smiled at him, hoping it would ease the damaging thoughts you knew were going through his brain right at that moment.

“Okay, okay. I can do that,” he grinned back at, looking genuinely

happy for the first time since you got back. “But let’s get you out of this bath before it gets cold and into that warm bed.”

Slowly standing up in the tub, so you wouldn’t get water on the floor, you purred out, “Only if you’re there to keep me warm”.

Jim chuckled, “Oh darlin, I can think more than one way to keep you warm”. He winked, wrapping a towel around you before holding the door open for you.

You barely stepped into the bedroom before Hopper had his hands on you. His face was nuzzling into the back of your neck, his beard tickling the skin there as he left soft kisses.

His lips made his way to your ear, gently nibbling the lobe as he gruffly whispered, “Let me show you how sorry I am, alright?”

Shivers ran down your spine at his words. You dropped the towel to the ground, causing the still fully-clothed man behind you to groan. Reaching your hand back, you ghosted your palm over his slowly hardening length. “Not fair that I’m the only one with no clothes on, Hop. I think we should level the playing field.”

He nodded, quickly going to work on his buttons. Watching as you turned to help him get his khakis off, undoing the fly so fast he thought the button was gonna soar across the room. The clothes were soon a pile on the floor, and he hoisted you into his arms to take you to the bed.

Hopper laid you down, his body hovering over you. You just looked at each other for a moment, and the pure love you saw in his eyes almost brought tears to yours.

Reaching a hand up, you cupped the side of his bearded face.

“I love you, Hop. So much.”

A grin broke out across his face, bringing his hand up to hold yours. “I love you too, Y/N.”

You both moved into kiss each other, moving from slow and romantic to hot and heavy in a blink of an eye.

Jim broke the kiss first, panting. “How do you want me tonight baby? Little fun first, or straight to it?”

You snorted, “Oh Hopper, you really have a way with words you know that?”

He joined in on your laughter, burying his face in your shoulder as he blushed.

You stopped laughing for a second to actually answer him, “Let’s just get straight to it, Chief. I just wanna feel you tonight.”

He let out dark laugh at the title you used, “Oh, sweetheart, I can do that.”

Jim leant down to kiss you again as one hand slowly moved to your core, pressing one finger inside. “Fuck, sweetheart, you’re dripping. You think you’re ready for me already?”

You nodded, knowing there would still be a little burn at the stretch of him, but not caring at the moment.

Hop lined himself up at your entrance, and slowly pushed his way inside your aching pussy. A moan resonated from him as he filled you up. “God, you feel so good. You ready, darlin?”

You moaned, pulling him down for a quick kiss before responding. “Yes, please baby, give it to me. No holding back.”

Jim definitely took your advice and set a brutal pace from the start, drawing the sweetest sounds from your mouth. The sounds you knew he loved to hear. All the while, he was constantly whispering sweet nothings into your ear, endless words of praise of how gorgeous you are and how much he adores you.

You loved that Jim always knew what he was doing between the sheets, and it seemed like in no time you could feel yourself coming to your edge. Jim could tell too, he could read your body better than you could sometimes.

“Oh, Hop, I’m so close.” You groaned out, your hips rolling up to meet his in your desperate efforts to get you both to your ends.

“C’mon baby, you’re almost there. Come for me, let me hear you.” He growled, one hand reaching down to slowly rub at your throbbing clit as he pounded into you.

The moment he touched you, you were done for. Your head thrown back, as your thrusts up to him started to slow down. Then, you felt Jim thrust deep inside you, he moaned low, coming right after you. His orgasm triggered a another small one from you, leaving you shaky and beyond satisfied.

Hopper practically collapsed on top of you, his breaths coming in short pants just like yours. The two of you stayed like that for a moment before you had to shove the bear of the man off of you.

“It’s a good thing you sent El to Mike’s house tonight huh?”

He laughed. “Definitely. Speaking of, she should be coming home soon.”

“Okay, guess we better get decent then before then.” You smiled, taking in the moment of bliss before it was gone. “Thank you, Hop. For taking such good care of me and of El. You’re such a good man.”

Jim almost looked like he might cry, “Oh, sweetheart, I don’t deserve either of you. But having this second chance means the world, so thank you.” He kissed you sweetly, and you could barely respond to the kiss after what he had just said.

Hopper was not a man that expressed his feelings, he always brushed them off, but you couldn’t be more happy that he was opening up to you. When you broke out of your thoughts, he had already gotten up and started putting his pajamas on.

He threw some clothes at you, “Here, you like those ones right?”

You jumped out of the bed, looking at the pajamas he threw you. “I’d much prefer to be naked, Chief Hopper.” You said slyly, moving behind him and putting pressing a kiss to the back of his neck.

He visibly shivered at your touch, contemplating a moment before turning to you, “You best out those clothes on or you’re gonna get us both in trouble!”

You giggled, trying to run away while putting your clothes on.

He was just as quick as you, laying a playful swat on your ass before he tackled you to the bed for the second time tonight. "I'm serious, El's gonna be home soon. No matter how much I'd love to go for a second round."

Laughing, you pushed him off of you, "I know, I know. I'm getting dressed."

You finished putting clothes on and moved to hug Hopper, who had just finished pulling his shirt over his head. Your arms wrapped around his waist as you laid your head on his chest, his arms wrapped around you.

"I love you, you grumpy bear."

He laughed, "Wow, what a kind sentiment," your laugh joined his. "But, I love you too, and your whiny ass."

You gasped, pulling away from him to playfully swat at his chest, laughing the whole time.

Hop was laughing so hard, you thought he might keel over. He tried to stop it while trying to pull you back into his arms. "I'm just kidding and you know it! I love you to pieces."

You finally gave up fighting him and went back into his embrace. "I know, I know. I love you more." A smile seemed glued to your face as you thought of the man holding you and the family you got to be a part of. You were so grateful for this life, and you couldn't wait for each moment after this.